
Title: THE FINAL SUNLIGHT

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by :
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of Tenebrae

The final moments of
sunlight were glorious
moments, ones we would
have cherished had we
known they were to be
our last. The war against
our very kindred seemed
never ending, day after
day of bloodshed. In their
eyes burned the hatred
of intolerance. And these
flames kindled the fire of
violence. After a while, it
became easy to forget
the faces of those you
had slain -- a sister with
one chop, an uncle with
another. Yet still they
came, outraged that we
dared to listen to the
voice of warning.

By the time the
Destroyer came we were
ready. Not for the
Destroyer, but for an
end to the fighting. Too
many had not heeded, so
we thought. Too many
refused to acknowledge
the might of the Titans.
We were doomed to
devastation, but with the
doom came the sickening
thought of peace and
silence. In the end, we
wondered, would Pagan and
Zealan know one from the
other as lifeless corpses
filling the pyres, the
result of the Destroyer's
carnage. But then came
the Titans.

First rose Lithos, the
Mountain King. Then came
Stratos, the Mystic
Voice, and her sister
Hydros, the Lurker.
Finally, the blazing image
of Pyros, Lord of Flame,
appeared to challenge the
Destroyer. On the ground,
both Pagan and Zealan
alike ceased battle, awed
by the presence of the
these Titanic Elements.
The sky became a
whirlwind of smoke and
dust and hail as the
Titans joined forces to
and began to rise up. As
the battle was fought
above, the very lands
upon which we stood were
rended piece from piece.
Mountains shifted, rose,
and spewed fiery death.
Wind ripped through
buildings and torrents of
water cascaded over the
walls of the cities.

The very enemies who
stood against each other,
bared fangs and flashing
eyes, were unable to face
off, blinded by the smoke,
tumbled by the quakes,
scorched by the searing
flames. There was naught
but chaos. And when the
fight ended and the
Destroyer vanquished,
there was naught but
ruin. The quakes ceased,
the wind slowed, the
waters calmed, and the
smoke cleared. Pagan
again saw Pagan. Despite
the recent tumult, the
moment was one of
serenity. But the sun was
no more. There is no
knowledge of where the
light of the sky has
gone. There is no true
night, but there is no
true day. And the Titans,
demanding ever-increasing